

SEASON'S GREETINGS • HAPPY HOLIDAYS • MERRY CHRISTMAS • HAPPY NEW YEAR •

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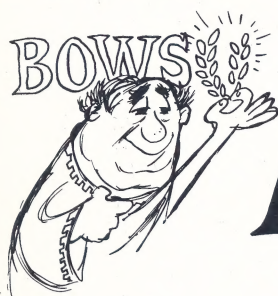
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Go Go Go's From Your Editor

Well, it's that time of year again. The sounds of hingle, I mean, jingle bells and carols echo throughout the park. But, when we look at the star on the Matterhorn we should remember one thing: "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

From the staff of Backstage Disneyland we wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



AND



IS YOUR FRINGE SHOWING?

Gentleman:

We often hear it said that machines may someday replace men, certainly you have shown how untrue this general statement is and how necessary and enhancing the proper human element can be! In our many contacts with your personnel here from ticket takers, waitresses, to the entertainers, we were treated with "easy" courtesy and warm smiles by people who seemed to be enjoying their work. This is a rare experience!

What all of these persons earn in salaries I don't know. But to those among them who are interested in the *fringe benefits* of the knowledge that they have added very greatly to the full enjoyment of this group of visitors, please tell them they are very highly paid. Their efforts at being fresh and eager to help and serve have succeeded very well.

Most sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. Anthony F. Plathow



BACKSTAGE DISNEYLAND

PAYS only compliments
FOR CONTRIBUTIONS:

But we want **you** to contribute to **your** magazine.

**PHOTOS
STORIES
ITEMS**

Mail to Wally Boag c/o Golden Horseshoe.



Fourteen new Disneyland Recreation Club Council members were elected in the recently-concluded elections. In addition to the new Council members, there are three carry-over members, plus the President.

The new DRC Council members are: Barbara Barr, Earle Dandie, Marty Cooper, Homer Holland, Garry Conk, Larry Miller, Ralph Van de Walker, Leo Long, Bud Washo, Annie Daniel, Terry McMillen, Paul Vallete, Bo Foster, Robbie Robinson, Bill McCallen, and Judy Woods.

Carry-over members from last year are: Mary Anne Krane, Earl Schreiner, and Donna Stichtman. Dom Trivison was re-elected President but has resigned for personal reasons. A new President will be elected from the carry-over members.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Editor:

I had an interesting talk with a fellow employee. He wanted to know why you call "Backstage Disneyland" "Backstage Disneyland." Would you answer this for me?

Wally Boag

When we work with the public we're on stage. But all of us spend a good portion of our time "off" or "Backstage." You see, to get "on stage" you first have to go "Backstage." We have tried to deal mainly with the "Backstage" along with those funny happenings which occur "on stage." This magazine is concerned with all members of Disneyland. To put it simply, "Backstage Disneyland" means ALL of you, no matter what you do for Disneyland. It's your magazine BUT I RUN IT. I, ALONE, DECIDES WHAT GOES IN, SEE! I'M BOSS OF THIS GANG, SEE! WHAT I SAY GOES, UNDERSTAND! That is, if I happen to agree with the Editorial staff.



THE EDITOR

BACKSTAGE DISNEYLAND

Vol. 3, No. 4

Christmas, 1964

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EDITOR	• Wally Boag
EDITORIAL SUPERVISOR	• Marty Cooper
LAYOUT AND PRODUCTION	• Ralph Kent
	• Fred Miwa
PRODUCTION COORDINATOR	• Gary Fravel
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT	• Charlotte Ballard
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS	• Phil Bauer
	• Chuck Boyer
	• Jess Rubio
	• Ron York
SPORTS EDITOR	• Bob Daniel
PHOTOGRAPHY	• Charles Nichols
	• Renie Bardeau



MAINTENANCE JOTTINGS

by
Lee David

This column is dedicated to the unsung heroes who keep Disneyland animated. Sing a song of praise for this group. The sound people have their problems; get wrapped up in their work. They would like to sound off, but Jerry keeps them toned down. He sees red at times because of the tape; gets hooked on a job as they use the right Bates.

Two of the boys in Adventureland were working on a transformer, suddenly something went wrong and over the loudspeaker came the song, "Swede and Lou." They were quite shocked. I understand they are sending each other telegrams to get the right wire.

Let's not brush off the painters. They really keep the Park smart looking. Morey and Gene were down at the Indian Village and accidentally got initiated into a tribe. Gene was called Chief Bucket, because he had a pail-face. Morey got a paddle to mix the war paint; he had a red face and wanted to change colors.

We haven't had much rain lately, so the gardeners should have a sprinkling of thought. They really have to prune to keep things from wrinkling up. The plants have to be babied and changed so often. This is no rash statement. The little gardeners are always sent to trim the Dwarf Pines in Storybookland. Disneyland hires more gardeners than most "plants."

The plumbers would like to "jet" away from it all, but the pilots are always out. In the summer time you will find them at the Enchanted Tiki Room getting lit up, and carrying a torch. This is really just a "pipe" dream to them.

The boys at air conditioning are a cool Bunch (not Dave), but he is pretty windy. Give them credit though as they are all after the "Sweet Smell of Success."

The mechanics are the big wheels — a very well-rounded group. They never tire of their jobs. Sometimes they wrench their backs getting to the point(s). The speedometer was broken on one of the cars, but they figured it

out. At ten miles-an hour, the fenders rattled. At twenty the hood rattled, and at thirty you rattled.



The ducks have been creating a problem in Frontierland. A group of them were waddling along the river, and Roger, who happened along, raced down to the dock to Ward them off. The ducks flew into the path of the Mark, but "Never the Twain Shall Meet." Roger looks "down" on them, because they are always giving out with the wise-quacks.

I was talking to one of the boys in Adventureland who was working on the cushions in the Jungle Boats; he likes his job because it is a soft touch. Button other occasions it needles him because he gets "sewed up."

We wood not like to leave out the carpenters. They really keep the Park nailed down. They sort of work in pairs (2 x 2s, and then again in 4 x 4s). Things do loosen up at times, but they use their heads and hammer them down. You are probably getting "board" too. I can't keep up much longer.

Nature's Wonderland has its share of upkeep, but the boys are eager to

fix things up like beavers. Swede was working on one of the standing bears, he had to reach high and around, the animation started. Now there is a new dance craze in Frontierland called the Bear-Hug. Working on the bears in the trees is a honey of a job. The boys can hardly bear up.

(Editor's note: But Larry Miller's shutter didn't get too stuck to shoot these bear facts.)



Elmer of janitorial tells me the guests drop more corn than this column in the Park. He would like to "pop" off, but they keep him "boxed" up. The maintenance crew like their uniforms: they cover-all of Disneyland. Best wishes for the New Year.



I believe the Haunted House is that way . . .
— they call this the Administration Building!



Opel Henn and the Telephone Girls Reporting

Several weeks ago, during a rainstorm, Dan Howard of the Art of Animation overheard a conversation between two guests. They seemed to be overwhelmed by Disneyland. Dan heard one guest say to the other, "The Enchanted Tiki Room was fantastic, and how they ever managed to create the Matterhorn is astounding, but how did they ever get it to rain all over Disneyland?" The other guest immediately came back with, "It is probably one of the numerous tricks that the special effects men keep in their bags." Who knows, maybe they are right!

In the Direct Distance Dialing area of the Bell Telephone Exhibit, a farmer from Omaha, Nebraska asked one of the hostesses, Beth Williams, to call the weather service in Omaha for him. After hearing the report of severe thunderstorms, hail, and tornadoes for his home state, the gentleman fainted on the spot.

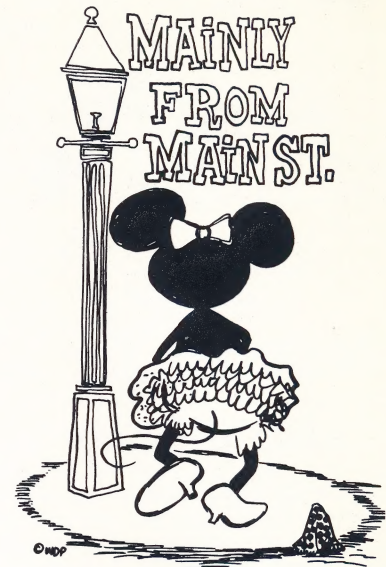
On another occasion, a boy of about nine years of age was running from his mother, who was angrily yelling at him in Spanish. Suddenly he jumped into the moat full of water in front of the building. After emerging soaking wet,

he explained to Ruth Rujuejo, the hostess, that he had jumped in because his mother was going to hit him, and he knew that she would not jump in after him.

"The Road to Autopia," I wasn't 'Bing' funny, but there's no 'Hope' here. I'd like to spark things up a bit and put in a plug for the boys in "Blood Alley." The other day Marc Lance was watching two young guests pull up to the curb after their ride, and the second car struck the one in front with a resounding thud. The driver in the car in front yelled, "Wottzamatter, are yuh blind?" The other promptly retorted, "Blind! I hit you, didn't I."

After standing for some time in the line they thought was for the monorail, two elderly guests ended up at the submarine ride. They asked Hank, who was taking tickets, "Isn't this the monorail?" He looked at them with a smile and commented, "Ma'am, there hasn't been a train through here for an hour."

These same two little old ladies finally made it to the monorail platform, where they boarded the nose cone of the train. About halfway to the hotel, Roger Alevizos, the operator of the train, overheard one say to the other, "Mabel, I wonder if we will get back in time to see the Golden Horseshoe Show?" The other one looked around for a clock and spotting the air pressure gauge said, "Oh yes dear, we have plenty of time. It's only twenty minutes to twelve."



Millie Malley Reporting

If horses could talk, "Our Buddy" who pulls the Main Street trolley would ask "What's going on?" You see, he was doing his job and suddenly was unhooked and pulled aside to stand at attention while the Band proved they had the right-of-way on Main Street. I hope this didn't hurt his feelings. Perhaps he thought it was coffee time . . . I hope so.

Yale and Towne Lock on Main Street has left us now. Be sure and watch for the new opening.

Mary Miller, who worked for Swift's, has now joined our Disneyland staff and is working at the China Chest.

I always thought it was "girls" who got the old "wolf whistle," but almost like Dr. Pepper — 10, 2 and 4, Bill R. gets it for coffee. You see, it's an old golf clan.

No doubt you all have seen the enlarged model of the human cell in Upjohn's. You would have been surprised to hear the guest as he passed by saying — "Look at the world, 75 percent are children."

Vera at Candy Palace still says her place is the sweetest in the world.

Meg Lyles wants to express her deep appreciation to the train crew for the shocking beautiful red rose awaiting her upon her arrival in Missouri. What a lovely way to start a vacation.





I told you not to call me at the P.O.C. meeting.

NEWS FROM CELEBRITY SPORTS CENTER

All is well and busy here in the high country, and we wish you could all be here to spend the holidays with us.

Among the many activities that many in this part of the country take part in at Yuletide is the practice of bundling up the family and going up into our beautiful Rocky Mt. and cutting a Xmas Tree.

Each year our good Colorado Forest Service arranges a certain amount of acres of various evergreen trees that may be cut. Maps are printed in our local papers, and there is a road into the area, and then usually a one-way route out to take after you've cut your tree. You must stop when leaving, and a Ranger will tag your tree for the \$1.00 fee — the same for all trees.

There is no extra charge for collecting pine cones and extra branches for decorating around the house, and most

families make a full day of it, bringing all the kids, dogs, mothers-in-law (didn't mean anything by the order I just used), and plenty of food. Most groups build a good fire, then fan out to cut the trees, which you must then pull through the snow (usually knee to hip deep) to your campsite and car.

Then everyone eats and you can bet the "Mulligan," "sloppy Joes" and hot coffee tastes good! Then the trip back down to Denver town and the satisfaction of cutting your own tree stays with you just like the heady and pungent odor of our beautiful Colorado pines.

Two of the Mile-Hi area's finest bowlers, and Celebrity has them both, Les Schissler, Celebrity Bowling Instructor, and Barney Lawson, Celebrity Bowling League and Tournament Director, continued fine individual bowling performances this past summer. Les, on the National Pro Bowler's Tour, took fourth in the Pro Bowler's stop at Seattle for \$1100 prize money, and the following week took second at the Spokane stop for \$1500 and

bowled a 300 game in this appearance.

Barney, bowling in the tough Colorado Pro Bowler's Tournament took a second place with a pin-fall of 3781 for eighteen games for a fine 210 average per game.

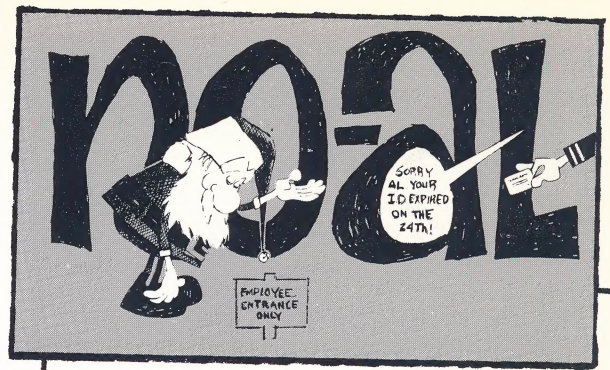
Rick Martinez, our Pin Machine Supervisor, is still talking about his first trip to Disneyland last June on the new Gulfstream, and the fine hospitality extended to him during his stay. He'll be back with his family.

Marilyn Skiba, our new Swimming Pool Director, comes to us from Cleveland, Ohio, where she was in charge of pool at Eastgate Coliseum, a 50-lane, bowling-swimming complex but smaller, naturally, than our Celebrity Sports Center. Her hubby, Gil Skiba, is Head Plumbing Inspector, city of Arvada, a Denver suburb. Here's a family that would rather float than fight! The question: Can this girl from a small bowling-swimming complex in the East, find happiness as the director of the pool in the largest bowling-swimming complex in the Rocky Mountain West?



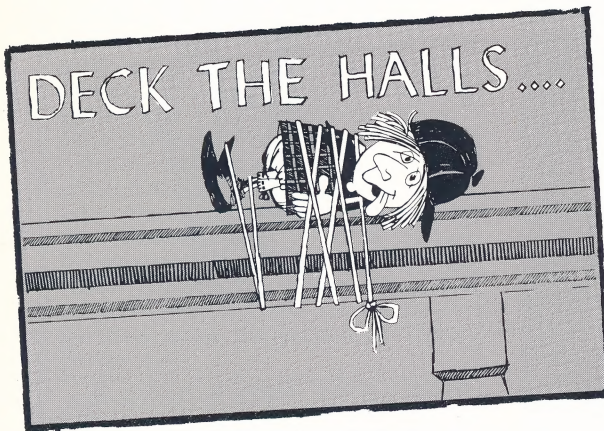
Yes sir, we HAVE an employee problem in the Indian Village!

Deck the halls with boughs of holly,
'Tis the season to be jolly . . .
And the season to spend money on
Gifts, wrapping paper, postage,
Cards, thank you notes, egg nog,
Etc., etc., etc.



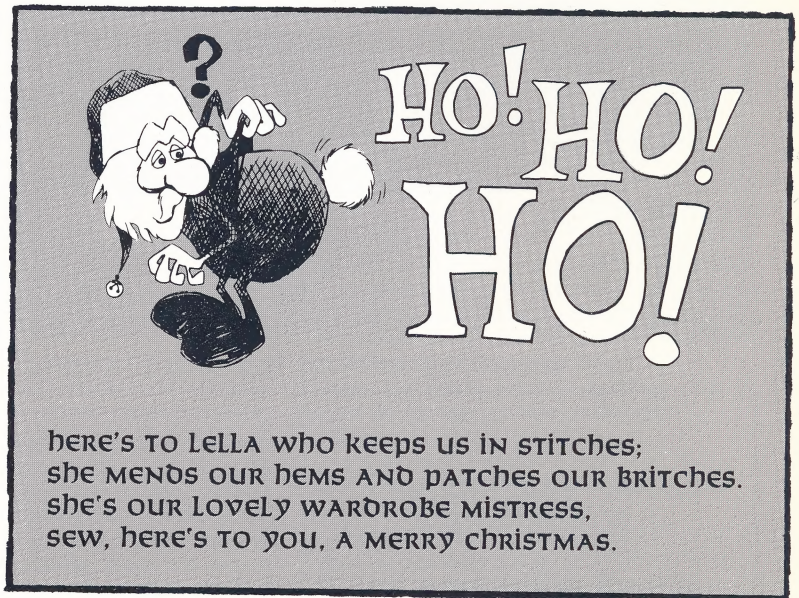
DISNEYLAND CHRISTMAS CARDS

By Marty Cooper



To all you men in Operations
Who enforce Park regulations:
We want you to know we understand
It must be thus in Disneyland.
To Nunnis and Reilly and Hahne too:
A Merry Christmas to all of you

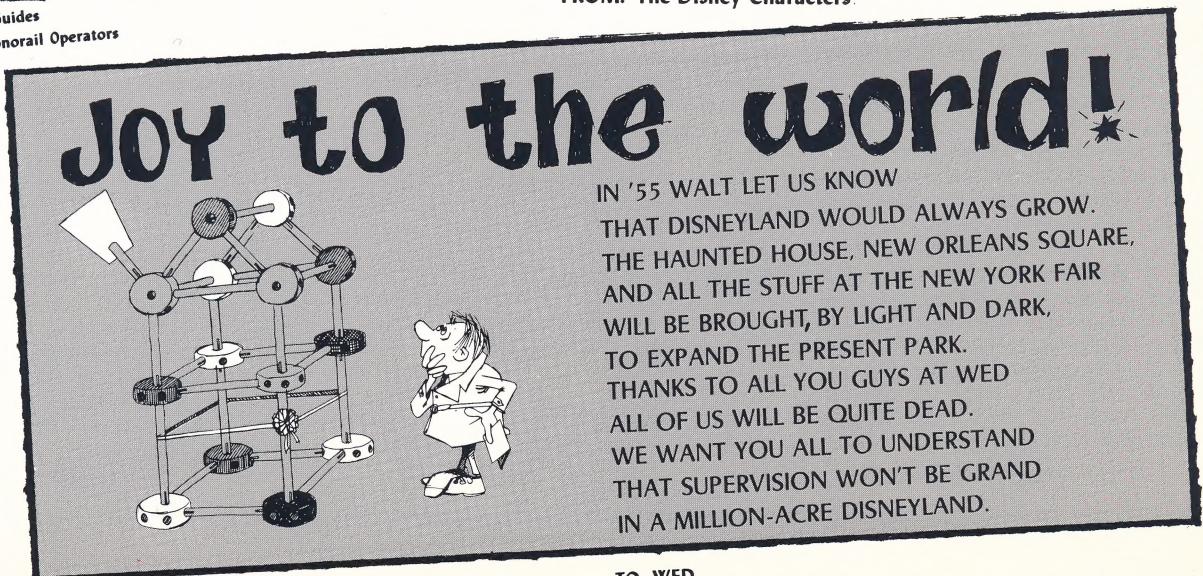
TO: Operations
FROM: Ride Operators



Here's to the girls we love to please ---
The ones in red with dimpled knees.
All year long we've said in vain,
"Get all your tour on one train".
Despite that little oversight,
You make our days a bit more bright
When you come up to our ride,
Merry Christmas to each Tour Guide.

TO: Tour Guides
FROM: Monorail Operators

TO: Lella Easton
FROM: The Disney Characters



JOY to the world!

IN '55 WALT LET US KNOW
THAT DISNEYLAND WOULD ALWAYS GROW.
THE HAUNTED HOUSE, NEW ORLEANS SQUARE,
AND ALL THE STUFF AT THE NEW YORK FAIR
WILL BE BROUGHT, BY LIGHT AND DARK,
TO EXPAND THE PRESENT PARK.
THANKS TO ALL YOU GUYS AT WED
ALL OF US WILL BE QUITE DEAD.
WE WANT YOU ALL TO UNDERSTAND
THAT SUPERVISION WON'T BE GRAND
IN A MILLION-ACRE DISNEYLAND.

TO: WED
FROM: Operations Supervisors



HAPPY
NEW
YEAR!

Here's our New Year's resolution:
To make this mag. an institution.
All year long we will strive
To make these pages come alive.
We pledge next year to make you laugh;
Happy Holidays from the Backstage Staff!

TO: You
FROM: Us



Cheer!!

*To the five million who came this year:
We wish you luck and much good cheer.
We wish to thank you - every one -
For coming here and having fun.
By coming here for your enjoyment,
You kept us all from unemployment.*

TO: All Our Guests
FROM: All of Us

"CHIT-CHAT FROM ACROSS THE WAY"

by
Della Strathman

The summer of '64 has come and gone. The first of June and the last of August seem to get closer all the time. Now that we have more time to devote to our guests (to make sure they have a good time at the MK) they are sort of hard to find. This is our season for very few young kids . . . but great for the "big kids."

We were very sad and blue on the Monorail when the day came for Mrs. Smith to bid us adieu. Mrs. S. will long be remembered as our Joannie Berry. She's one of those hard-to-replace long-legged blondes. We all love you, Joannie.

There is one guy among us whom we see quite frequently — to be saying goodbye to — Wayne Van de Walker. He came within a day of returning to the Monorail platform (he had even given his shoes a spit shine). Sure enough, before he hardly knew what was going on, he was off and running again, to City Hall (Talent Dept.) to join the "Walker regime." Slim-Trim, we'll still take you back.

Danny Valdez, cook in the coffee shop, could hardly wait to get back from his vacation. Sure enough, he had only been back a short time when he had to leave on another trip. After arriving at work one morning, he developed an acute appendectomy. We miss you and hope you'll return real soon, Dick.

Frank Breth, Hotel General Manager, recently completed a glorious three week trip to Europe.

Mike Gilbert has returned from a six-month leisurely spent summer at a lovely resort — Ft. Sill, Oklahoma.

Ty Lavery has returned from his two years with Uncle Sam. Jim Turner was one of those lucky ones — picked to play "war" out in the desert. (It was a good place to recover from the flu.) Sure enough, that bird (better known as stork) dropped a lovely li'l boy by his place. The very pretty Mrs. Turner — Gloria — was once on the Matterhorn crew.

We missed Dick Lemmon this summer. He was one of 14 picked to go to India to represent our Government. It was a tour of students explaining our colleges, etc. Needless to say, we're very proud of Dick.

Sad but certain, our one and only Howard Bryden has departed. We hate losing him, but are proud of his promotion to Vice-Principal. Needless to say, "Smilin' Jack" Wellington came back to replace Howard. So nice to see you back, Jack.

We have just about decided we've lost our Scottie for good. As much as

we miss you, we wish you all the success in the world, Scottie.

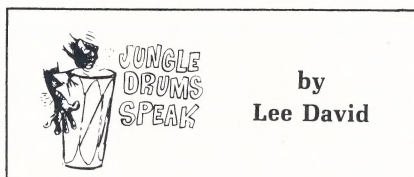
We also hated losing our good friend Ruthie in the Hotel coffee shop. Being a charter member made it a hard decision. But finally she decided to become a retired grandmother.

We are quite proud of our personnel at the Pepsi Exhibit in New York. We're anxious to see Carol S., Kathy Ruoff and Cindy B. How can these gals ever settle down to California living again?

Congratulations are due Jose Arias on his promotion to the "Convention Staff."

The Monorail crew enjoyed the lovely champagne breakfast held at Frank Sloan's beautiful beach home in South Laguna. Well, anyway it was supposed to be a C.B. (did you know that Eric?) 8 p.m. to 8 a.m.

Paul Legg has returned once again from Denver. He has joined the WED staff. (Editor's Note: Now WED really has a Legg to stand on.)



by
Lee David

Aloha Nui Loa: Hi Disneylanders! Now for a little Tiki Tattle.

Thanks to Jerry, Terry, Jim, Dan, and Ernie who kept the birds supplied with bird-seed this summer. They had to mix it in tubes and deliver it in relays. (The birds are tempermental.) A great job, boys.

Barbara (The Dorothy Lamour) of the Tiki Room will be waking up Jose all winter. (What's sarong in that.) Diana, Marilyn, Maureen, Joan and Liz have flown away, some of them to school. Vickie will be back to roost on weekends. Meryl, who sold tickets, is in for some change also. (I wonder what happened to Rosita.) Kaz who wears glasses, (and HE NEEDS THEM) asked Roy Disney if he had a reservation from City Hall. Roy took out his pass and said, "I am City Hall!" Kaz left for Europe to go to school. Ted (Sho Time-Sho Time) had to Yap at the Tiki birds to keep them on their perches all summer. Dale who works at the juice bar selling Tongas, blended nicely with the surroundings because she was a good mixer.

The Tahitian Dancers were a great hit at the Terrace. Bob and John kept our guests well-supplied with delicious fried shrimp and spare ribs. Enough small talk. I'll try and wiggle out of this.

Jungle Aka-La-La. Jungle Bunnies lend me your ears. Plenty of excite-

ment in the jungle this summer. The Big Three, Frank, Ray, and George kept the Jungle Bunnies hopping. I understand the heat was on in more ways than one. There was a fire at the rising natives, and George rose to the occasion. Ben, the fire chief, was a little hot under the collar, but a hatfull of water soon cooled him down. Frank, who hails from West Virginia, (he loves pickled crawdads and hominy grits) had such a barrel of fun at Schweitzer Falls, he can't get over it. I understand he and George were checking out the skiffs the other day for water capacity at Schweitzer Falls, and got their spirits dampened considerably. Guests in the boats wondered if it was part of the show. How about a return engagement, boys?

Ray had a surprise party for his birthday. It was held on the docks. Nice gesture by the boys. He had his cake and ate it too. Ray's a great guy, teaches upholstery and really knows his stuff.

Let's not forget the maintenance crew who kept the boats purring all summer. I understand two of them would rather fight than switch. Left them open, and got off on the wrong track.

Things were looking up at the Tree House. Carl was out on a limb most of the time. The boys had their ups and downs. (Guess I should leaf well enough alone.)

Aunt Jemima's, that great pancake house, had quite a turnover this summer. They got a lot of cake on their pans, and everyone's in the dough. Before I flip, I'll leave . . . might be a flop.

Carol bowls them over at Sunkist. That was a spare remark, but it kinda strikes me funny. Bo said business was good, but a tight squeeze at times.

Talofa (hello) from Traders: Four women of Parliament from Central Africa were in the shop this summer, and could speak no English. Mary and

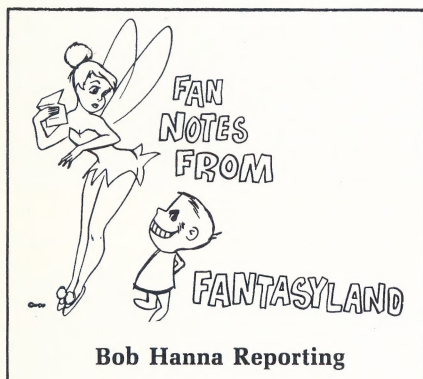


Avefua had a fit dressing them in beautiful fishtail-back mumu's made in Hawaii, and putting leis and flowers in their hair. Can't you just picture two African women dressed in Hawaiian clothes back in Africa. One mumu was a little short, but it will be long before they get another. Tofa (Goodbye).

Ron kept the guests well-loaded this summer (with ammunition that is) at the Big Game Shoot. (Everyone had a bang-up time.)

Bizarre happenings at the Bazaar. Seems there was a guest in the Park carrying a firearm. Diane who works there spotted him, and he was taken to Security. Turns out he was a deputy sheriff. Probably had a horse and pistol-raised it from a colt.

Witch Doctor spell is broken... must make magic and disappear.



Here we are well into the 1964-65 Winter Season. Thanksgiving is past and the Happy Holidays are just ahead.

Let us look back and remember the Summer of 1964. Disneyland at its biggest and best.

Linette Kimmel hearing a mother tell her small son "Now I'm warning you, if you get lost, don't come crying to me."

A lifetime membership in the Mickey Mouse Club to Diane Theil for her courageous plunge into the murky waters of Storybookland to rescue a too eager small guest... and also to Venita Wolf for a job well done, still as Alice she left the White Rabbit and this year concentrated on her Adventures... Efficient as she is beautiful.

And Mike Hall who took over for me at "Alice" and with the able assistance of Mike Yohan and Jim Dow did a record-breaking business.

As 1964 draws to a close I am sure that all of the guys and gals in Fantasyland would like to say "Thank you" to the three swell mermaids at the Pirate Ship... Elva, Elinor and Mary. And don't forget Theresa at U.P.T.

Oh yes, ask Mary Van Thyme about the snowy slopes of the Mighty Matterhorn.

Boyd Diaz tells of the lady from south of the border who said to an operator, "Never mind your bad Spanish, we speak good broken English." Frank Smith is still trying to figure out how there can be four children (born singly) in one family, under three years of age. Al Vail, eating lunch next to a middle-aged couple who were silently consuming tunaburgers at the Pirate Ship, heard the woman say "Pretend I

am a barber or a bartender, TALK to me."

Wild Bill Berry, ill with — — — — — "You mean I can feel this bad with a disease that doesn't even have a national foundation."

Harold Darter: "Marriage is like a violin. After the beautiful music is over, the strings are still attached."

Jim Patton to Cheryl Oram: "Do you realize, 'Maude,' that counting coffee and lunch breaks, this makes the third time that you have been late for work today?"

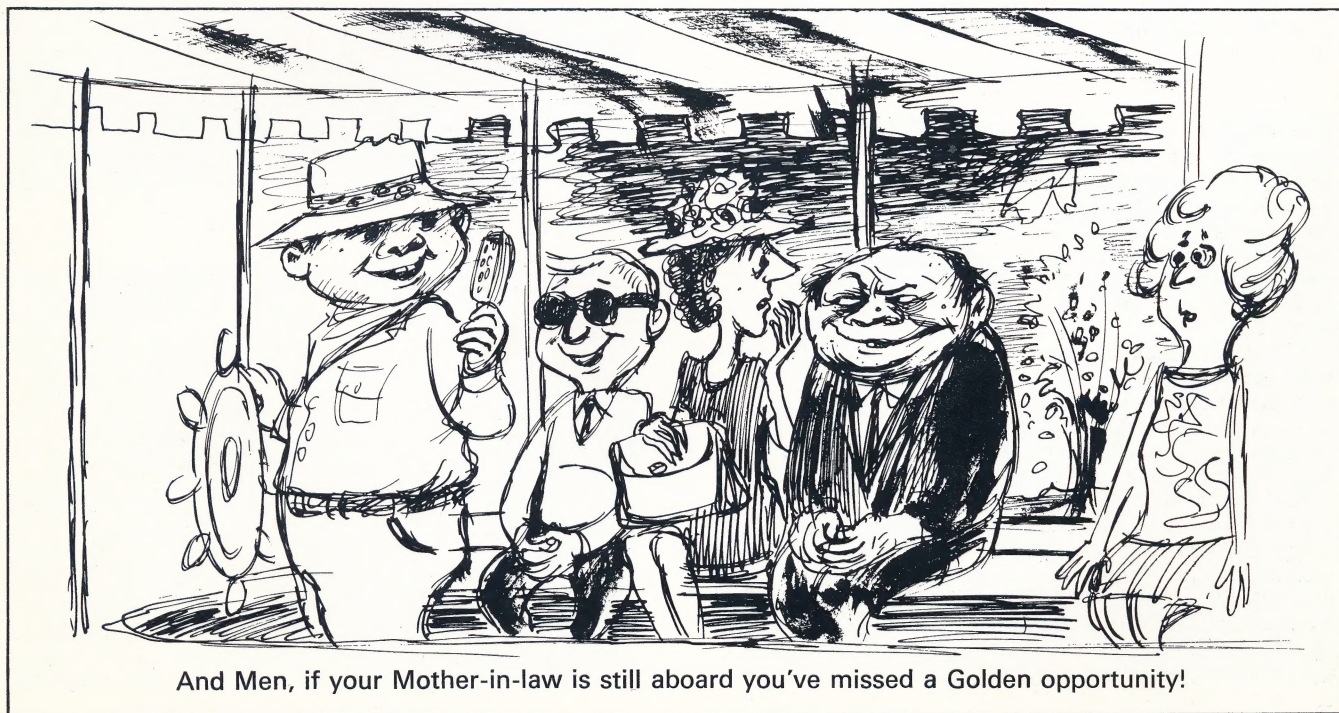
Remember —

Jack May, cracking up at three nuns madly spinning their tea cups, veils flying in the breeze, and... Stan La Fortune heard the older of the three remark as she emerged from Mr. Toad's Wild Ride, "I have heard of that place and wondered what it was like."

Hank Block, questioning a small boy named Tommy who had lost his mother and didn't know his last name... "But my zip code is 92630."

Ray Malson working the loading position on Tomorrowland Skyway called out for a single. After the third call, a young man stepped forward and said, "I am divorced, will I do?"

Tom Ravenscroft on Dumbo, with all of the elephants loaded, (*Editor's Note: The word is filled to capacity... The idea, Dumbo being loaded. Next thing you'll tell us he sees pink people.*) turning to a lady and her young daughter coming through the turnstile and saying, "Wait please" to which the woman replied "130 lbs., if you must know!"





I JUST ASKED HIM IF WE COULD HAVE THE OLD CAFETERIA BACK, AND POW!



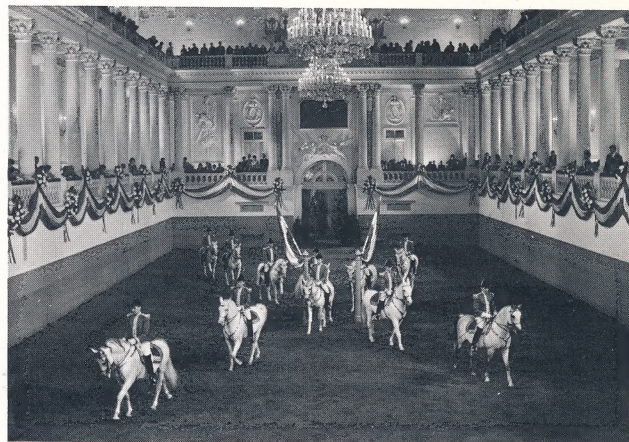
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, A DISNEYLAND PROGRAM REMINDER . . .



I KNOW WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE DEAR, BUT REALLY, IT'S JUST A MONORAIL OPERATOR UNIFORM.



OF COURSE, THIS IS WED'S ONLY LABORATORY.

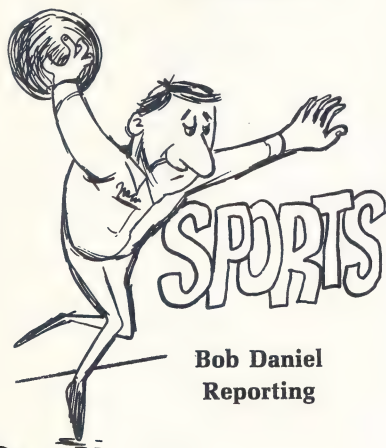


PSST! IS THIS REALLY OWEN'S PONY FARM?



HEY, LOOK! ACCOUNTING PAID ME FOR 41 HOURS LAST WEEK.

DISNEYLAND ATEASE...



Bob Daniel
Reporting



SPORTS

Here we go with a wrap-up of this fall's athletic endeavors in the world of:

Ski Club

Although the only snow most of us see is on the Matterhorn, Bobbie Johnson, Ron Doyle and Mike O'Brien are doing their best to increase our exposure to the white stuff. Whether it be ski trips to Mammoth or Rebel Ridge, dry ski lessons, or fashion shows, the ski club has plenty to occupy the winter sports enthusiast's mind. Everyone is welcome. Watch for notices around the Park.

FORE!

47 members of the Disneyland Golf Club have had a good year, with their home base, I mean fairway, being Green River Golf Club. Jim Kurs, President of the D.G.C. says the most fantastic game played was "Criss-Cross," four balls being alternated. The winners being Norm Poteking and Bob Beswick. Second place to the team of Raul Grisanti and Vic Fulgo. The handicaps for the club (besides their clubs) were figured by Bud Coulson, handicap chairman. It's easy, he takes an average of the lowest three scores of the last five tournaments played by a member of the Disneyland Club, and adds a dash of lemon.

Bowling

Somebody up there really liked Della Strathmann and her Monorail team. They came up winners in the summer bowling league despite strong opposition from Jack McCloskey's



I ain't getting no short haircut.

Main Street Bunch. Individual trophy winners were, for the men:

High Game Scratch, Larry Osburn, 254; High Game Handicap, Bob Reilly, 265; High Series Scratch, Ted Thorell, 618; High Series Handicap, Frank Petronella, 700.

For the women:

High Game Scratch, Eve Wilhelm, 202; High Game Handicap, Della Strathmann, 236; High Series Scratch, Carol Osburn, 603; High Series Handicap, Vernetta Reynolds, 643.

With winter league bowling in its infancy, it's John Yarber's Osage Team tied with Fran McLeasels Nesbitt's Team for first place in the mixed league. However, it's still early in the season, and I wouldn't be surprised if Homer Holland's Silhouette Team comes roaring into first place.

In the scratch league it's Marty Strubel and the J. B. Allen crew in first place. Mickey Clowers has started off the season with a fine 268 to lead the contenders for high game honors and John Yarber's 665 is presently leading the high series category.

This summer, young men's fancies turned toward —

Canoeing

One lap around Tom Sawyer's Island in one of our Indian war canoes. A champion team was formed by the Jungle Cruise, including such fine splashers as Ron Doyle, Fred Duffy, Don Wagner and Keith Mackie. Winning time was 4.17 minutes (on a wet track yet).

For the more conventional minded there was —

Softball

Gary Wakefield, Billie Scott, and easy-going John Larson made up the nucleus of a winning team in the Disneyland intramural slow pitch softball league.

An exhibition series with the Mets is now being planned for the new Angel stadium.

There have been rumors of a resurgence of —

Boxing

Rosin Face Tim Hahne has been engaging in light drills lately, however when questioned, he flatly denied all rumors of any comeback attempt.

Sportsman of the month award to Jim Eason, Steamtrain Foreman who through superior wisdom and confidence was able to maintain complete control over an ominous flock of 80 red-vested vultures this summer.

Basketball

Bill Williamson is coming out of retirement this season to coach the small, but determined Disneyland Basketball Team. Leading the attack (as usual) will be the Poemeceah brothers. Coach Williamson's main hopes are that Pete "Fink" Homer will return to the Disneyland club, and that loyal Disneylanders will leave their TV sets in the evening to cheer the team on to victory.

A brief message before I sign off . . .

With the popularity of canoe racing on the wane, and new energy releases being sought, comes a thought from WED's Jack Ater: NO HAND CAR RACING!!

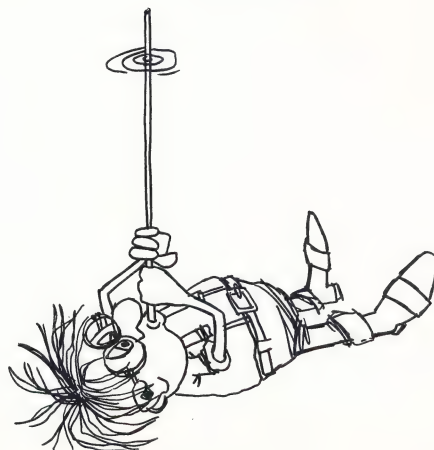
THE BALLAD OF DUCKBILL DICK

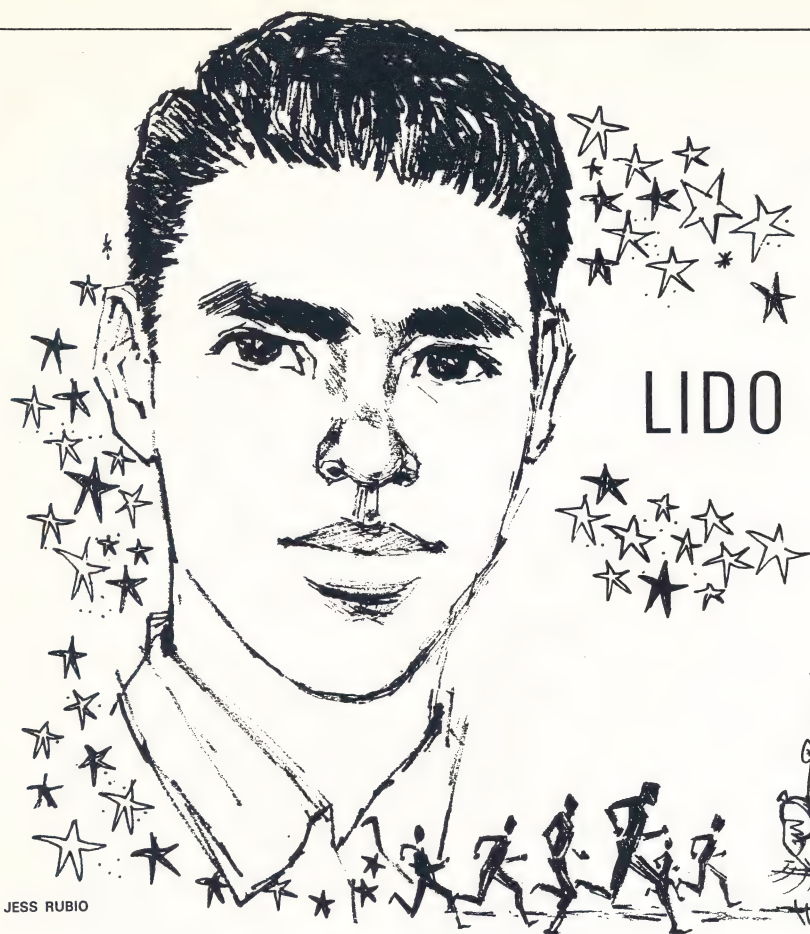
by
Mike O'Brien

Strange things were done, 'neath the
Frontierland sun
By the boys of the Keel Boat's crew.
There was 'River Rat' Randy and
'Mudcat Mike,'
And 'Short Stack' Jack was fun.
Next came 'Bartooth Bob,' then 'Deer
Tail' Dave,
Much famed for his barley-corn
brew.
But, the most famous of all from
spring through fall,
By the moon, or when the fog
was thick,
Was a guy you all know to put on
a good show,
Why, of course, it was 'Duck Bill'
Dick.
Now there was awful dismay on the
river each day,
As Duck Bill sailed into the fray.
And, as white water plumed, all the
river folk gloomed,
And steered clear of the ol' Bertha
Mae.
You could hear his wild cry, as like
a bolt from the sky,
Right down the river he boomed.
The birch bark canoes with their
Indian crews
Paddled like mad for the shore.
Then they leaped from their crafts
and to the woods did dash
As down the river Dick came with
a roar.
And the rafts had swung out, pulled
back with a shout,
And, trembling, hid by the bank.
While Dick with a grin, that was
mean as all sin,
In their direction the tiller did yank.
Now, the guy of this talk, was on the
keel boat dock
A long pole clutched in his mitt.
As he pushed out the boat, came a
lump to his throat
Cause the pole to the gun'ale did
stick.
Duckbill forgot to let loose, and this
cooked his goose
Into the river he crashed like a rock.
With glasses on eyes and pole in his
hand,
Down he went with his hat on his
head.
He came to the top, his hair like
a mop,
And, with vigor, stroked for the
land.
But with pole in his hand, and glasses
on eyes,
He sunk like a big piece of lead.
At the sound of a bell, all the gang
gave a yell,
As the Bertha Mae steamed 'round
the bend.
At the helm of the boat, was a
bleery-eyed goat,

Who the guys all called, 'Muscrat
Mel.'
And out on the bow, with a chaw in
his jaw
Was a rat name of 'Dog Ear' Dave.
He soon saw poor Dick, who was still
in the crick,
Disappear 'neath a big wave.
As he went down the third time,
Dave threw him a line,
But first the long pole he must save.
Then the crowd gave a shout, as he
fished Duckbill out.
With glasses and hat on his head.
So, we all drank to Dick, rinsed clean
in the crick,
But, the first was 'Elk Face' Ed.
As all of the crew quaffed the
barley-corn brew,

Said Ed, "I'd like to know, what
time's the next show?"
And the crowd yelled, "We'd like
to know, too?"
So, the gang with a cheer, grabbed
Dick by the rear,
And he back to the river got threw.
Then the crowd oh so gay, soon
drifted away,
When Duckbill didn't come up.
But all the day long, he's
remembered in song,
And when Mudcat tells a good story
For poor Duckbill Dick is still
in the crick,
Or, maybe he's gone to his glory.





JESS RUBIO

A PROFILE by
CLAUDE PLUM, JR.

LIDO ALBILLAR

Last issue we left you with the burning question: Will success spoil Wally Boag? This issue we feature the success story of Lido Albillar, a kitchen helper at Aunt Jemima's during the summer. They have something in common, for you see, Lido and Wally both must use soft soap in their work. And, no matter where they appear, from on stage to inside a kitchen, they are both necessary members of our Disneyland family.

Lido was born July 22, 1945 in Los Angeles and is the oldest in a family of five children. He has three brothers and a thirteen-year-old sister. I asked Lido what was the most demanding thing about being the eldest child:

"I guess that you have to set a good example for the others. It's the hardest thing you have to do."

Up until the time Lido was six he spoke both Spanish and English but he admits that he's forgotten a lot of his Spanish.

Lido is a senior at Santiago High School in Garden Grove. During his school years he has been a member of the school cabinet and an assistant athletic commissioner. He also was a member of the American Field Service Club. He plays bass guitar in the school band and has an interest in collecting stamps. For relaxation he goes to many of the school dances.

His mother, Lucette Albillar, has worked at the Frontier Trading Post for about three years. Lido went to work for Aunt Jemima's during Easter vacation and worked there during the summer.

What type of worker is Lido? I talked with Bud Coulson about Lido and got the impression that he is a find, as far as a lessee is concerned. Bud told me that Lido has a wonderful smile, a very good personality and a high regard for cleanliness.

Well, I guess that sums up Lido, except for one small thing. He likes to run ten miles every day. No, we're not kidding. During last summer he got up around six or seven a.m. every morning and ran ten miles in the Santa Ana riverbed. You see, Lido is on his way to becoming an outstanding track athlete. And, this is just one of the ways in which our 5'10", 18 year old kitchen helper keeps in condition. One of his ambitions is to enter the Olympics. Among his others are either becoming a track coach or a policeman.

How does one get interested in track? When Lido started high school, his coach at the time, asked for volunteers to go out for cross country. Lido didn't even know what that sporting event was, but he had not been active in sports in junior high school and he felt he had to try something. So he raised his hand and volunteered.

In the future, when Lido becomes an outstanding track star, this story may well go down into the annals of unbelievable but true tales of sports history.

I had a chat with Wayne Ambrose, track coach at Santiago High. Wayne told us of some of the past track performances of our kitchen helper. Lido ran the mile in 4:26. The C.I.F. record is 4:08. Lido is one of the top milers in the country. In the first C.I.F. cross country ever held, Lido took second place in the C.I.F. finals and was second in time. Wayne feels Lido's possibilities are unlimited. They only depend on how hard Lido works, and both Bud Coulson and Wayne feel that Lido is a very hard worker. Wayne said that Lido may well be one of the outstanding distance runners in the country. And, for Lido, the further the distance, the better — anywhere from 5,000 to 10,000 meters.

I found out that his brothers are also good athletes. The sixteen and fourteen year olds are both good runners and the twelve year old, who is in the fifth grade, has the possibilities to follow in his brothers' footsteps. So, at the risk of ending with a very corny joke, it seems that athletes "run" in Lido's family.



How did you like Disneyland, Mr Krogg?
 ... Sorry we didnt have more time...
 Southern Californians are quite
 proud of it!



50 years ago I suppose I'd have been amused!
 ... Here Miss!
 ... Lot of walking... Not used to standing
 in lines...



I expect you people feel it necessary to
 take all out-of-towners there...
 Business entertaining and all that!



Damn clever man, Disney - in his way...
 ... making a fortune with that kiddieland!
 ... stock looks good... gives 'em what
 they want...



when I was your age, Miller, I was thinking
 in terms of Dollars & cents! ... Didn't try to
 impress clients with a Fun Zone!



I'm sorry sir...
 we can't accept
 a Mickey Mouse
 club Membership
 card!



Bauer



by
Mudcat Mike O'Brien

THE TRAVELS OF MIKE FINK

Keel Boat Korner

Well, Howdy pioneers! Glad t' have yu all aboard the ol' Gullywhumper an' the ol' Berthy Mae... Queens of the River. Now we have a King of the River, an' he's a real good keelboater. He wears a red feather. Now I got me a yeller feather and I'm the Chicken of the River. I got m' yeller feather fer bein' the only critter t' survive many, many keelin's over an' scalpin's an' massacres an' sinkin's of injun war caynoos...

... "Lady, if yu want t' set inside, jist jump in the middle winder... no, the middle winder. That's the one betwixt the two end ones... whatcha snickerin' at lady? Don't cha know nuthin' 'bout spellin'? It's plain to see yu ain't had the book larnin' that I had. Why there ain't nuthin' I don't know 'bout spellin' an' grammer... I know more 'bout grammer than grampa does!"

Mine Train Mel

Now it's awful hard fer ol' Mudcat t' get serious, but I jist heard a tale from the chief miner an' engineer of Rainbow Ridge, ol' Mel Neinast, that jist beats all. Now it seems that one of his miners this last summer by the name o' ol' Ray Nolton wuz a drivin' train number two by the cactus forrist. The wheels wuz a clickin' down the steep grade, when all of a sudden the connectin' bar busted an' the cab took off on its own hook. Ol' Ray, thinkin' quick, put on the breaks to stop the rest of the train. Seein' the four little kids in the cab runnin' loose down the hill, he made a bee-line for it and clum aboard. He steered the cab all the way home by shiftin' his weight from side to side and keepin' it from gittin' off the tracks. I hear tell that he becum purty famous fer this stunt.

(Editor's Note... Hey, this is real live action. And if you don't believe it, just ask Jack Taylor who gave him a written commendation for his quick thinking.)

Ray's Rafts

"Well, Howdy Catfish, ye shiftless varmit! Git t' work ye lazy critter!" I'm referrin' t' Catfish Jones, big star of moovin' pitchurs an' Mousqueteers telyvishun shows. He calls himself Ray Van DeWarker.

Anyways, Catfish likes to visit the keel boats as he fancies himself somewhat of a keelboater — which he aint! Mostly he likes to git down below decks on the ol' Gullywhumper, outfitted with a double-deck stromberry-budderscotch ice cream cone in each fist. Meanwhile, ol' Dick May an ol' Tom Nabbe an' the rest of them crafty rafties duz the work of haulin' the pioneers t' Tom's Island.

Brehm's Boat

Ol' Roy Brehm is Foreman on the paddle whompin' Mark Twain, ex-Queen of the River. (Natchurally, the ol' Berthy Mae is the Queen of the River.) Now Roy is a kinda gennulmunly feller an' he don' say much at ol' Mudcat's insults. He jus' kinda screws his face up an' mutters under his breath.

Slim's Ship

Ol' Slim Terrell, cap'n of the sailin' ship Columbia, is a kinda nice critter

considerin' he's a sea dog an' aint a river rat like us keel-boaters. We let him steer the ol' Gullywhumper one time an' done purty good fer a greenhorn... 'course he done run her onto the rocks at the bend an' sunk her t' the bottom. An' t' think, Slim said he knew where the rocks was. Well, all I can say is he shore didn't know where they wasn't!

War Caynoo Walt

Ol' Walt Bricker is a Frontiersman if'n I ever seed one. With his side-whiskers an' moostache he shore is a critter t' be reckoned with when it comes t' bendin' a paddle in a war caynoo. He's also purty handy at bendin' a coffee cup up to his jaws an' tryin' not t' git none of the brew stuck in his whiskers.

Now ol' Walt had some side-kicks such as pie-eyed Pete Homer an' those feerochus paddle dippers, Tim White Eagle an' Jimmy Charley. I tell you, when them critters gits their paddles pumpin' the caynoos almos' jump clean outa the River.

Ol' Walt tells us how one pioneer feller wanted t' buy a batch of his best hick'ry paddles... t' paddle his wife with.



I don't think running the Tiki Room by hand is going to work.

CROSS-EYED VIEWS

by
Wally Boag

Well, it's that time of year again when your neighbor keeps you awake until six in the morning playing "Silent Night," but good news — the unbreakable toys this year are guaranteed to last until at least January 1. When I was a kid the power I used to operate a toy wasn't a battery, it was me. Today, you give the kid who has everything a dozen batteries. And the games they have today — games about war, games about diplomacy, about brinkmanship — the most dangerous thing I ever did in a game was to sell Park Place and Boardwalk.

I've got a big Christmas decoration planned for the front of my house. The same as last year . . . 2,438 light bulbs along my house, garage and lawn. Last year, every time I turned on the lights I got a call from Joe Fowler's office telling me that the Monorail slowed down.

Well, at least Christmas give my wife, Ellen, a change. She stops licking Green Stamps and starts licking Christmas Seals. Last year she got real confused and tried to get a toaster with twenty books of Christmas Seals.



by
Jack Kehoe

We were all happy to see "Ringo, The Fastest Draw In The West," alias Otis Goddard, and his crew(?) of men at La Palma Stadium for the Halloween parade. Their rugged assignment was to protect the six Disneyland tennennial princesses.

Stop by Security some night and listen to Joe Irzyk and Vic Wolczak, two of our favorite Polish singers, strike up a duet in Gaelic. Just to listen to them, one would think they were arguing.

"Sweet Tooth Becky" from Swift's Market recently found life could be sweeter when our Bob Brackin lured her to Vegas for a two ring ceremony. And, how about that Al Niemeyer snagging our charming ex-secretary in Security, Betty Watson. Cupid has really been working overtime in our department. Lots of luck and happiness to both of these couples.

Duane Miller is the only "eligible" security man left. For the benefit of all you single gals reading this, Duane is tall, light, smartly moustached, has a T-bird, boat and checking account. Please hurry! We don't want anyone TOO happy around us.

Now that the nights are dark, lonely, cold and raining, just remember that the Park is safe and sound with Security and our four lovable little man-eaters, commonly referred to as dogs, making the rounds. It is really something to see that smart Disneyland canine, Thunder, driving the scooter while Milton Pitts remains the backseat driver. No one, but no one gets in front of Thunder.

Some of John Gray's old friends are still wondering when he will return to Winston Gate. (Those mules sure miss their sugar.)

If you should ever be in Mexico you might run into our own James Clermont bargaining with the natives. He says it's over purses and rugs, but we think the poor boy just plain likes tequila.

Hoping to see you all at Security's proudest moment of the day — "Colors!" Until then, remember to show your ID.



Chuck Fowler

Question: "How many feet of decorations are used to decorate the Park at Christmas time?"

Answer: "The big Christmas tree is 65 feet high and takes two weeks to plug it with branches to fill in the weak spots. It is shipped in from Washington State and is flameproofed. There are 2000 lights and 1000 ornaments on the big tree. There is over 4000 feet of electrical wire used for the trees and for Main Street. We use 3000 running feet of live redwood garland. There are two 24 foot trees used in the moat."

Chuck Hannaford

Question: "How many cars, buses, etc., have been parked in our parking lot since the Park opened?"

Answer: "Known cars parked (paid) through August 15, 1964: 9,752,396. A little bonus information: We have had tremendous traffic of the "free" category over the years which entails: Group buses, group trucks, and motor bikes. They are parked and remain in the lot just as the paid vehicles, but, at no charge.

We also have tremendous traffic of the "transient" category, i.e., vehicles that have to be processed through the gates, but for a temporary stay only:

- Hotel traffic (straight thru to Hotel)
- Guest drop off and pick up at Main Gate (10 min. zone)
- Taxis
- Motel shuttle service
- Pick up and drop off for MTA bus Dept.

So, you can add a couple of million and a few hundred thousand to the paid figure and come up with an approximate figure of 12,000,000 vehicles processed. Give or take a couple.

(Editor's Note: And if all these cars were bumper to bumper on our California freeways . . . I'd believe it.)

Tim Hahne

Question: "How many I.D. cards have been issued since the Park opened?"

Answer: "373,579 I.D. passes have been issued since the Park opened."

(Editor's Note: Remember the id is that part of the psyche residing in the unconscious, and its impulses seek satisfaction in accordance with the pleasure principle. And you thought it was just a pass to get in.)

THE DISNEYLAND PHOTO ALBUM

Well, here's the 4th page of photos from the past. You'll find pictures of Peg Warwick, Dick Korn, June McClendon, Lucille Bennett and Wilbur Wright. Lots of luck on your guessing.



1.

2.



3.

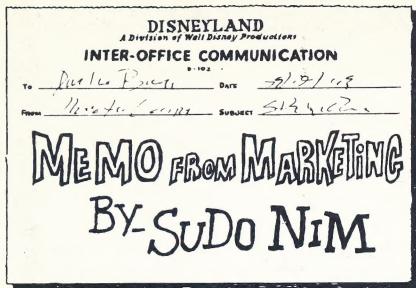
4.



5.

1. June McClendon
2. Wilbur Wright
3. Dick Korn
4. Peg Warwick
5. Lucille Bennett

ANSWERS:



Welcome to the world of sell, sell, sell! For those of you who do not often have an opportunity to visit our elegant headquarters in the Administration Building, we are the Madison Avenue types of Disneyland (with branch offices in a trailer and behind Swift's Market House).



(Nim's Note: The above is a photograph of a painting rendered, after years of analyzing and studying the subject, by the famed Japanese sculptor-painter, P. Leo Bower-san. Mr. Bower-san is internationally noted for his original technique and attention to detail.)

Like Gaul, (note to printer: spelling is Gaul, not gall) we are divided into three parts: Advertising/Promotion, Group Services, and Publicity. Cherubic Jack Lindquist, Old Goat Milt Albright and Diminutive Ed Meck are the ruling triumvirate of these three departments... Oh, yes, we do have a Division Director: Ed Ettinger. A casual sort, he is depicted below in his goin'-to-POC-meetin' attire.

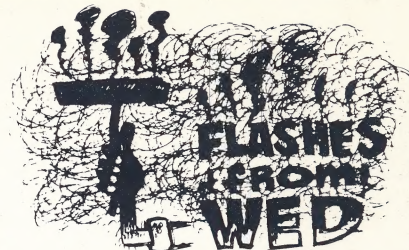
As our Christmas present to all Disneylanders we offer the following:

- A Mary Jones doll... Wind it up and it goes to pieces.
- A Frank Forsyth doll... Wind it up and it won't wind down.
- A Shirley Hrica doll... Wind it up and it does a soft-shoe.
- A Marty Cooper doll... Wind it up and it chases other dolls.
- A Frances Forbes doll... Wind it up and it speaks a foreign language: English.
- A Mary Anne Krane doll... Wind it up and it calls you honey.
- A Pat Kratochvil doll... Wind it up and it pronounces its own name.
- A Penny Penrose doll... Wind it up and it goes to the water fountain.
- A Charles Nichols doll... Wind it up and it overexposes itself. (Editor's Note: Don't worry. Remember, this is a family magazine. Charlie Nichols is the Park photographer).

There are others, but we're saving them for next Christmas.

Final Christmas-type addenda:
In our division we should pick
A man to be our own Saint Nick.
We've little choice, so what the heck;
We can't go wrong with Eddie Meck.

Remember Kids, have your mommies save S and H Green Stamps and go to Disneyland!



Della Strathman
Reporting

Well, at least Christmas gives my pretty nice around this neck of the woods. You know why... simply because that dashing, debonair Jim Cora is on vacation. Enjoy every second of it, Jim. We really miss you!

We hated saying goodbye to Jim Fultz. We would like to keep him for good. He did a "veridi" good job this summer.

Gee, it was nice to see Kathy Ruoff's sweet smile at the Main Gate again on October 28. She enjoyed her six month visit to New York but agrees there is no place like California... and Disneyland, of course. She can't get over how nice the guests are here.

Howard Bryden, a former WED employee is the proud father of a li'l boy.

The Navy finally returned our #734 - Bill Bealor. We bid him goodbye - the summer of '60. B.B. prefers the MK to the Navy... The Navy doesn't have hostesses.

Tention!! If you haven't heard by now, Rene Cora has a lovely li'l sister. Michele made her appearance in the manner her father had so carefully planned. J.C. invited Mary and Jerry Van Dyke to dinner, to one of those BBQ feasts... Only he's the nut who B.B.Q's himself instead of the steaks. Sure enough he lucked out - the Van Dykes arrived and within the hour, Susie was on her way to the hospital.

NEWS FROM
AcWaGa
by
Ed Mackie



These notes, I am told, are for the Christmas issue... but what year has not been specified.

Accounting threw me out when I went to ask for news. They heaped the blame for not publishing their last bits of news on my poor shoulders. These, I hope will be in this issue. So

it's stalemate, Mr. Editor, until you come up with the goods. Jim Quigley was doing something with pay checks... tearing them up, I think.

In Wardrobe, Ed Carnegie returned from vacation in Mexico. Everything else is fine. After a hectic season all the staff are resting on their laurels, and it does look funny.

In Cash Control, Clint Chittenden had been commuting on his days off to and from Arizona where his granddaughter, Karen, is at college. Karen was one of the Mickey Mouse girls during the summer. Casey is having

three weeks of absence to visit her daughter in Michigan and then on to Canada. She is not quite sure of the way but has been advised that as soon as she gets to Michigan, Canada is the first turn on the left. The girls in the backroom, Vi and Annette, are womanfully coping with things and they have started to worry about Christmas passes and things.

That's about all. Hope this reaches you.





CANDID CORNER



"Swede" Neilsen, bartender at Celebrities Lounge in Denver. He'd smile, but he can't get his finger out of the limesqueezer.

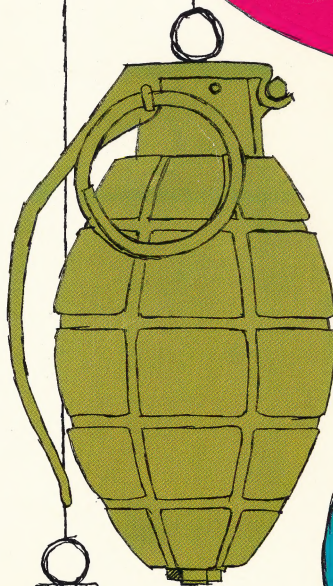
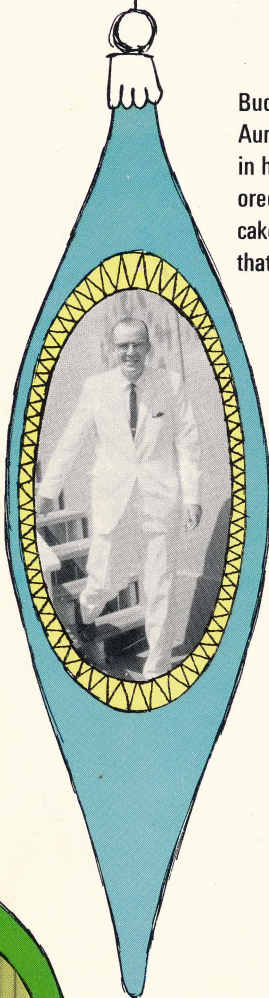
George Musachia and Dick Korn, Security, look as if they're daring the photographer to step over that line.



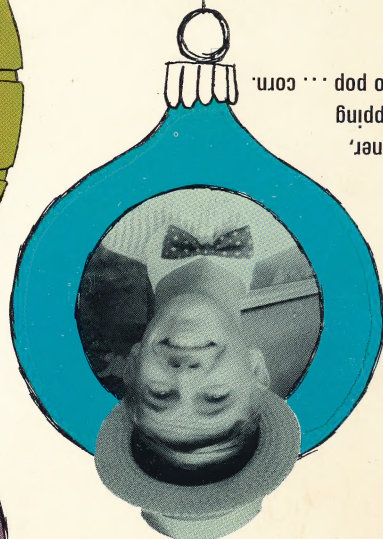
Nancy Mullane, Marion Schwacha and Dianna Hays singing: "Three Little Maids from Coke Corner, are we".



Bud Coulson Aunt Jemima's, in his flower colored suit, pancake flour that is.



U.P.T., tipping his hat to pop ... corn.



Nancy Stoll, ticket seller, is a girl who knows her "A's", "B's", "C's", "D's" and "E's".



Gary Martone, Autopia; Al Huemer, Monorail; Jerry Hudson, Subs; Margaret Narky, Monorail; Roy Gregg and Richard Battaglia, Subs who find our Filter Plant a nice place to visit, but who would want to drink there.